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Book P76

POLITICAL OATS.

A KERNEL OR TWO FOR EVERYBODY.



PRICE TEN CENTS.

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POLITICAL OATS,

THRESHED FROM ALL PARTIES.



THE GREAT ULYSSES, AS HE APPEARS UNIFORMED AND ACCOUTRED FOR HIS SECOND
SEAT RUN OVER "THAT LINE" TO THE WHITE HOUSE. THE ABSENCE OF THE
CONVENTIONAL-BULL PUP WILL BE NOTICED, AS THE ARTIST WHO DREW THIS POR-
TRAIT IS A WHITE MAN, AND DON'T CARE A SNAP WHO IS EJECTED.

SKINEM SOLLOCK'S ORATION ON GREELEY.

FELLOW-CITIZENS, DEMOCRATS, AND LIB-
ERAL BUMMERS :—

From the lofty heights of Borax to the valleys of Ballyhoo—where the gentle alligator simmers in the splendor of the noon-day sun and softly woos the pulsating frog and the mellifluous mosquito with the murmurous sweetness of his tongue—the name of Greeley awakes the long-slumbering

echoes of freedom. The sound of them echoes, fellow-citizens, like the strings of an old banjo, will vibrate and swell the chorons of "Anything to Beat Grant," when caught up again, as surely they will be, by the glorious rag-tag and bob-tail of the Democracy.

Where was Grant when General Greeley drew his pen and rushed in amid the din and roar of conflict, shouting the "Battle-cry of Freedom" and things? Where was he? He was a-sittin' playing cut-throat



THAT BOOK, COAT, HAT, AND UMBRELLA—BUT ESPECIALLY "THAT COAT." IT BEATS THE COAT OF JOSEPH BY SEVERAL COLORS, AND IS SO BUILT THAT IT MAY BE "TURNED" AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.



GRANNY GREELEY, AS SHE APPEARED WITH HER DOLLY VARDEN ON, COQUETTING WITH A RESPECTABLE OLD PARTY BY THE NAME OF DEMOCRACY, IN THE HOPE THAT HE WOULD TAKE TO HER FOR BETTER OR WORSE. ON ACCOUNT OF HER FINE FIGURE, IT IS SUPPOSED, THE COURTSHIP BROUGHT ABOUT A MATCH, AND THE ANCIENT COUPLE ARE NOW GOING ABOUT THE COUNTRY ON THEIR HONEYMOON TOUR.

enchre — penny-a-corner — and feeding his bull-purps on cord-wood and tanner's molasses. Yes, fellow-citizens; and there he sot and sot, and smoked like a tenement-house chimney.

Where was Ulistiens Grand and his Cold-facts when, shoulder to shoulder, Greeley shied his eastor into the Tammany Ring, and, with one fierce swing of his boots, slung 'em all out of time? Why, Ulistiens was swallowing Kentnuck calamity by the quart, and doin' his own washing!

We are here, feller-citizens, to have a ratification meeting. I'll take my ratification straight — no sugar in mine. Horace Brown and Gratz Greeley are the roosters to do our crowing. When they flap their wings, Grant Shanghais get up and git! Anything to beat somebody. Wam-wam in Chappaqua; roar, roar, for the old axe-heaver is coming! On, Sumner, on! Advance the standard of free trade, free love, free drinks, free votes, free lunch, free divorce, and free shirts.

Fellow-citizens, if you elect Grant, he'll plant the iron heel of a double-breasted tyranny upon your manly breasts, and hurl you into the curriculum where his brindle purps gnash their San Domingo teeth forever and ever. What does he care for the great American eagle, or any other menagerie? Take Greeley—see him wrap himself up in the majestic folds of the constitution, put on his socks, and come the double-shuffle on two platforms without missing a step. You don't catch him wasting his time loafing

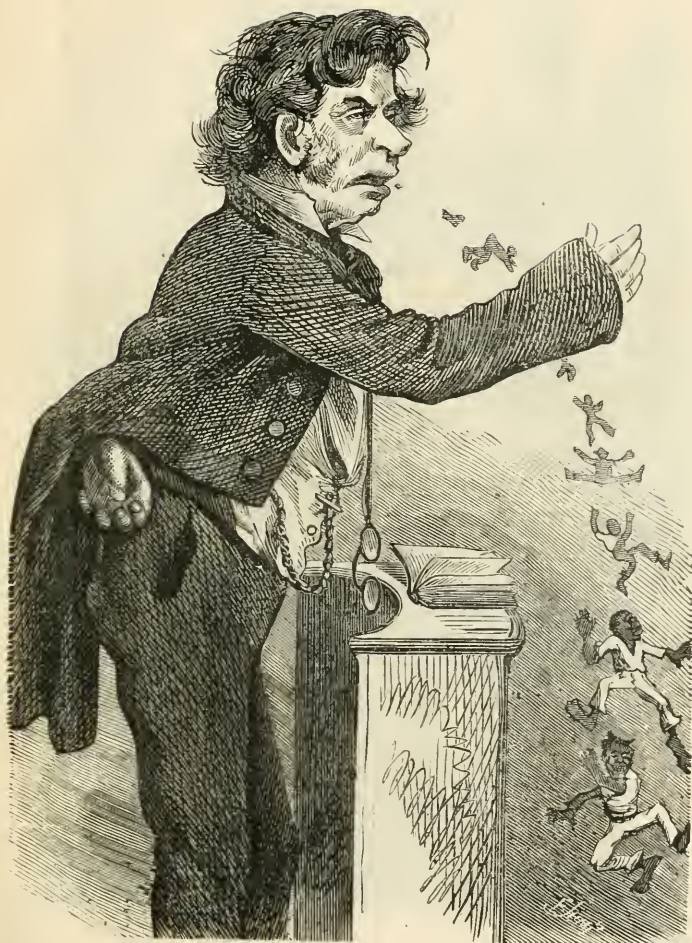
about waterin' places, eating sand-pills, and trampin' on the rights and corns of the descendants of our forefathers and the rest of our relations.

Fellow-citizens, elect old Horace—put him up, and put him in; then will the loud cry of liberty be heard by millions yet unborn, with more to come!

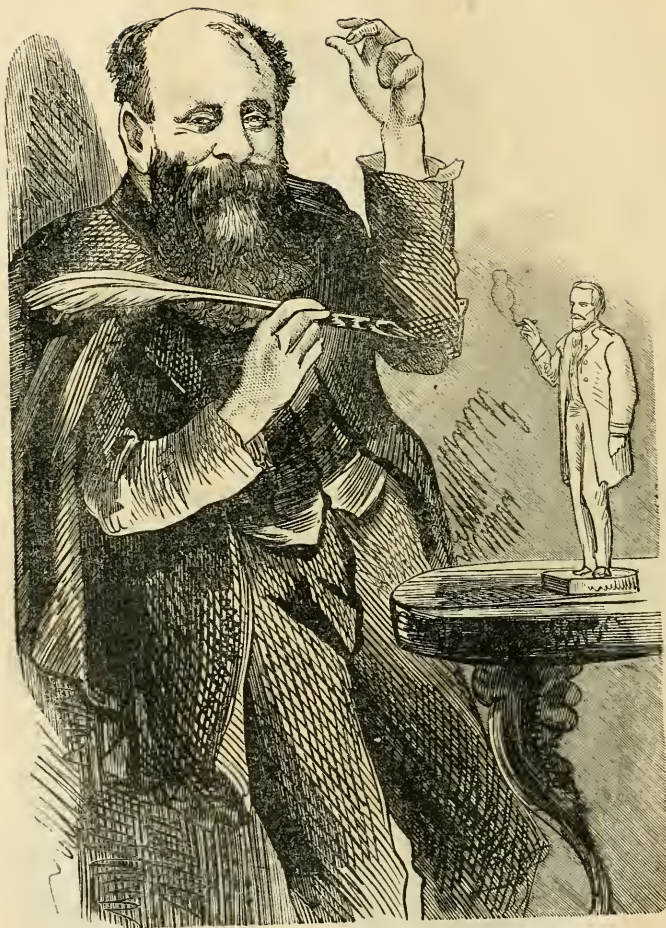
Who cares for the Alabama clams? We'll shove 'em down the red dannel throat of John Bull till his stomach is turned into a chowder-bag. In the ~~law~~



"THE LATER FRANKLIN" AS HE APPEARED, THREE YEARS AGO, WHEN FLYING HIS KITE FOR STATE COMPTROLLER. HE HAS NEVER YET WRITTEN "WHAT I KNOW ABOUT KITING."



SUMNER THE GREAT (BLOWER). HE HOLDS FORTH ON THE NEGRO. HIS WHOLE DISCOURSE IS NEGRO; BUT OUR COLORED BROTHERS DON'T SEEM TO SEE THINGS IN THE SAME LIGHT AS HE DOES. PERHAPS HE OVERDOSES HIS LISTENERS.



CHARLES DANA AND HIS IDOL.—THIS IS THE MEPHISTOPHELES OF THE WHOLE REVOLUTION. HE DIDN'T GET WHAT HE WANTED OF GRANT, AND HIS PEN HAS BEEN AGAINST HIM EVER SINCE. HE IS A JOLLY DEVIL, ALTHOUGH THE INK-SPOTS WHICH HE THROWS AT GRANT OFTEN APPEAR UPON HIS OWN FACE. ANYTHING TO BEAT GRANT.



HENRY WILSON.—THIS IS THE HONEST SHOEMAKER AND CONSCIENTIOUS COBBLER OF ALL BAD JOBS. HIS PROFESSION, IN CONNECTION WITH THAT OF A TANNER, IS SUPPOSED TO CARRY OUT THE OLD SAYING, "THERE IS NOTHING LIKE LEATHER." HENRY IS DETERMINED TO FIGHT UNTIL THE BITTER (WAXED) END, THE QUESTION BEING, "WHICH LOVES THE DARKEY MOST, WILSON OR SUMNER." PROBABLY HENRY COULD DO MORE FOR THEIR SOLES.

guage of Ward Beecher, when he turned his first flip-flap in his green and salad circus days, "Heads I win, tails I fall—and Satan take the hindmost. You can't skin an eel by greasing his eyebrows." Take off your coats; hang 'em up where they'll be safe, and wade in for the old wood-chucker.

Feller-citizens, let's all go and set up with a sick man till the bottle's empty. Now, then, three cheers for—three cheers for—

At this instant the softened remains of a defunct feline came in sudden and violent contact with the intellectual features of the speaker, and brought his tremendous efforts to an ignominious close.

It is said that Greeley hasn't backbone enough for President. We suggest that they blow the marrow out of his spinal column and run a lightning-rod down it, so the old man can have something to "brace up" on.



THE FOUNDLING—CIVIL RIGHTS BILL. MRS. SUMNER ASKS HENRY WILSON TO SHARE THE RESPONSIBILITY. "IT IS AS MUCH YOUR CHILD AS IT IS MINE, HENRY. HORACE REFUSES TO BE EVEN A STEP-FATHER TO IT. DON'T FORSAKE ME, HENRY!"



HERE ARE A FEW PROMINENT POLITICIANS. THE FIRST PICTURE REPRESENTS THEM IN THE PALMY DAYS OF THE TAMMANY RING. THEY COULD THEN PITCH PENNIES AND ENJOY THEMSELVES IN VARIOUS WAYS. BUT THE LAST PICTURES THEM WHEN THE DAYS OF SORROW WERE UPON THEM; WHEN DRINKS WERE HARD TO BE GOT, AND THE "SLATE" SHOWED MANY A NOBLE NAME. "T IS ROUGH," BUT, ACCORDING TO THE ACCEPTED RULE, IT IS FAIR.



THIS IS BENNY BUTLER. HE IS PARTAKING OF HIS PAP. PERHAPS YOU MAY THINK HE LOOKS TOO MUCH LIKE A MULE, OR SOMETHING OF THAT KIND; BUT THOSE EARS ARE ONLY THE ENDS OF HIS NAPKIN. BEN IS ONE OF THE NICEST MEN THAT EVER LIVED, BUT HIS LOOKS ARE SOMEWHAT AGAINST HIM. HE IS GRANT'S RIGHT-HAND MAN, AND CAN STIR UP A BREEZE QUICKER THAN ANY ONE WHO EVER TOOK THE STUMP. IF HE LIVES LONG ENOUGH HE'LL BE GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

BANKS turned a political "flip-flap." ONE of our comic papers calls Greeley a
 What was that a sign of? That he was *he* school-marm. 'Tis said the real school-
done on one side, don't it? marm's are awful mad about it.



THIS SHOWS WHAT POLITICAL ENTHUSIASM, ASSISTED BY CHAMPAGNE, WILL DO. THE OLD GENTLEMAN WHO HAS MOUNTED THE TABLE HAS HITHERTO BEEN KNOWN AS ONE OF THE MOST QUIET OLD DEACONS IN THE WORLD; BUT ONE OR TWO BOTTLES WARM HIM UP TO SUCH A PITCH THAT HE GETS UPON THE TABLE AND MAKES A SPEECH FOR GREELEY AND BROWN. QUERY: DOES THAT SPEAK WELL FOR THE LIQUOR, OR BAD FOR THE DEACON?



HARK, FROM THE TOMBS!

Old Politician.—Now, BILLY, you and I have barely ESCAPED A HOME IN ~~THE~~ PLACE; IN FACT, HERE IS THE HOLE THAT WAS DUG FOR YOU, AND HERE ARE ~~THE~~ GRAVES OF YOUR POLITICAL FRIENDS. THERE IS ONE WAY TO ESCAPE—ONE WAY TO KEEP OUT OF THIS HOLE.

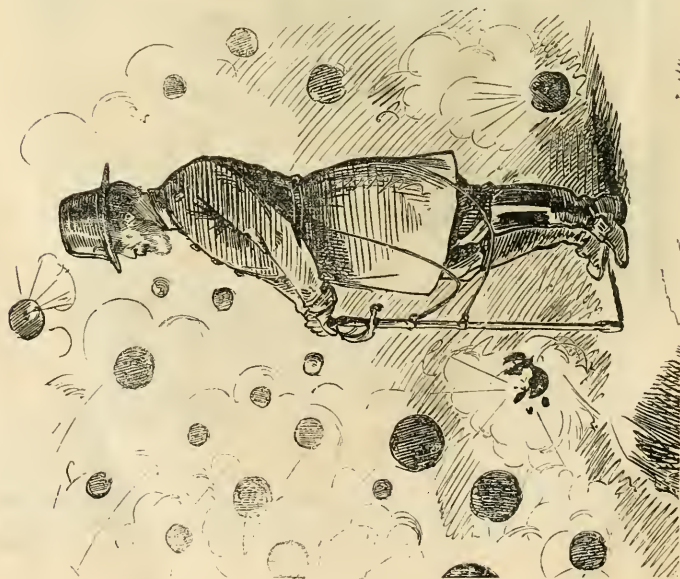
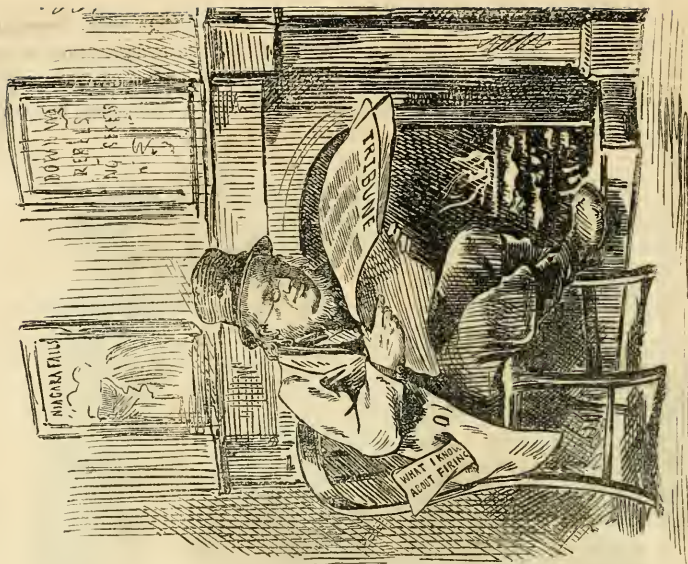
Billy.—WELL, HOW IS IT?

O. P.—COME OUT BOLDLY FOR THE “REFORM” PARTY. IT WILL ASTONISH YOUR ~~MEMBERS~~ SO MUCH THAT THEY WILL DROP YOU. I’M GOING TO JOIN ’EM.

THE *Agriculturist* says: "The later cabbage has a small heart. The head is large, and, at its ripest, very soft and irregular," etc., which is a very unkind cut at the author of "What I Know about Farming." Whoever says it is a description of the later Franklin, is—what d'ye call it; a what's his name and a thingamy, by Cripes!



THIS IS THE VIRTUOUS GOVERNOR WHO WOULD GLADLY HAVE LEFT HIS ISLAND ROCK AND GONE TO WASHINGTON; BUT THE POLITICAL WATERS WERE TOO DARK AND ANGRY, AND HE DARED NOT VENTURE FORTH. AND THERE HE SITS, AND THERE HE WILL, PROBABLY CONTINUE TO SIT UNTIL THE WATERS SUBSIDE AND HE IS UNSEATED.



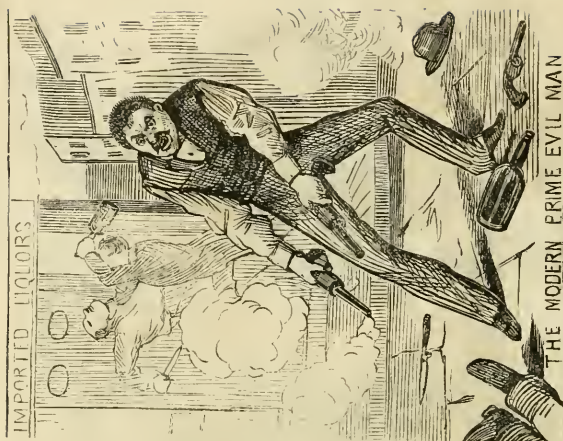
THE TWO CANDIDATES FOR PRESIDENT. THE TWO AS THEY APPEARED "BEFORE THE FIRE," DURING THE WAR.



ONWARD TO THE SETTING SUN. THE TAMMANY CHIEFS AS THEY APPEARED LAST FALL, AFTER THE NEW YORK ELECTION, WITH THEIR TRAPS, ON THEIR MARCH TOWARDS THE SETTING SUN. PERHAPS THESE PORTRAITS MAY BE RECOGNIZED.
N. B.—THEY ARE STILL MARCHING.

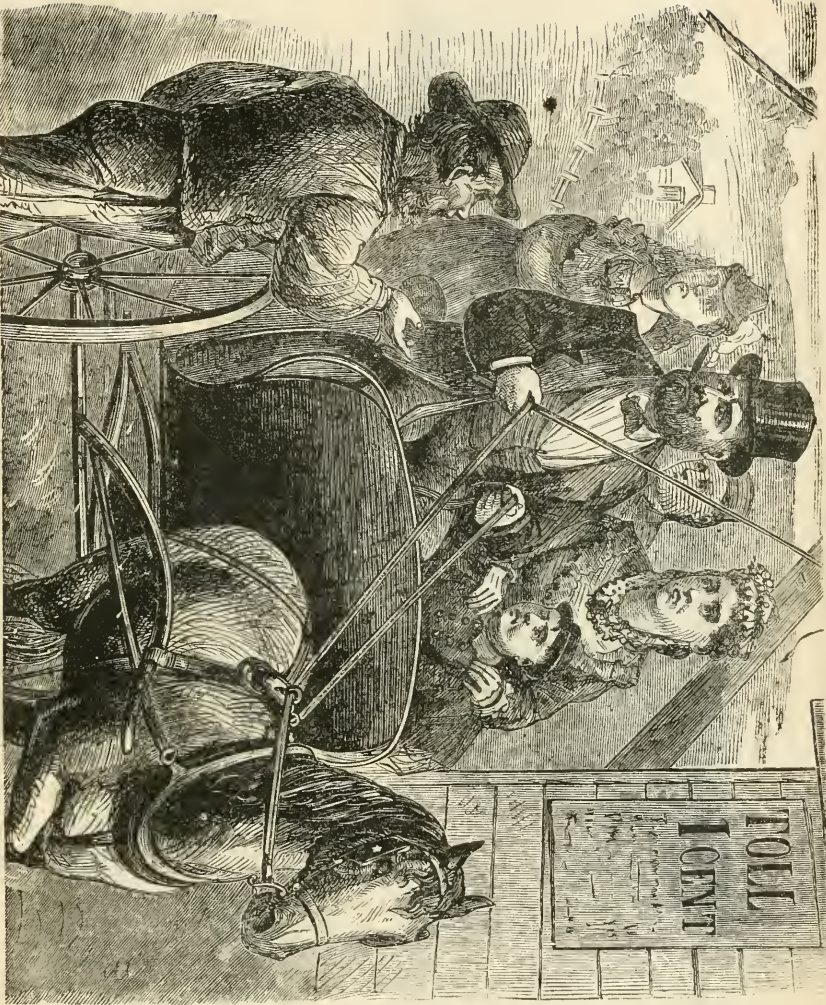


"MY DEAR SIR, I WISH TO FIND THE GREELEY
ADQUARTERS."
"WELL, WHY DON'T YOU FIND IT. THEN? I'LL
LET YOU."



THE MODERN PRIME EVIL MAN

THIS IS A PORTRAIT OF THE MODERN POLITI-
CIAN. THE WAY DISTRICTS ARE CARRIED AND
POLITICAL "POINTS" MADE, HURRAH FOR OUR
SIDE!



GRANT (TO TOLL-GATE KEEPER).—WHAT! DEMAND A CENT OF ME? I'M THE PRESIDENT. I NEVER PAY ANYTHING. BEGONE!



HORACE "HOLD: FORTH" TO AN "IMMENSE CROWD OF ADMIRERS." THIS IS AFTER HORACE HAS BEEN NOMINATED, YOU KNOW



ONE OF THE STRONG-MINDED FEMALES, SHAVING AND ARRANGING HER TOILET, PREPARATORY TO ATTENDING A POLITICAL MEETING WHERE SHE IS EXPECTED TO "SHINE."

CARRY THE NEWS TO GREELEY.

I.

Oh, have you heard the latest news
That's trembling on the air?
A verdict's rendered from the South—
'Tis shouted everywhere.
Old North Carolina leads the van,
Has spoken out quite freely;
Then get up, wake up, let 'er rip,
And carry the news to Greeley.

II.

Go tell him Schurz has got a pain,
That Sumner's griped with colic,
And that the Grant men all around
Are having a great frolic;
Gratz Brown is packing up his trunk,
And Dana feels quite mealy;
Then get up, wake up, let 'er rip,
And carry the news to Greeley.

III.

They say the General loves a horse—
We'll give him now a team;
He'll drive his two "terms" right along,
Like lightning hitched to steam.
The old Tar State has gone true blue;
It's true, they say 'tis really;
She's pitched the "Liberals" overboard—
Go carry the news to Greeley.

WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT GRAFTING.—
The splice between Horace Greeley and the Democratic party appears to be very much like a job of grafting, but which is the graft and which is the tree that seeks the improvement it would be hard to determine. The 5th of November will show whether this marriage is productive of fruit or not, or whether it won't be sour apples after all. "What I Know About Grafting" will probably be his next book.

THE New York *World* and the *Tribune* shake hands across the North Carolina victory. A rebel victory always did make the *World* rejoice, but it used to have a contrary effect upon the *Tribune*. But, "anything to beat Grant."

AN old farmer, when asked what he thought of the Greeley matter, replied: "I think it is like a young robbin, biggest when first hatched."



THIS IS UNCLE SAM, THE COBBLER. A LIBERAL COMES INTO HIS SHOP WITH THE OLD BOOT "DEMOCRACY," WISHING TO GET IT REPAIRED. SAYS UNCLE SAM:—"GIT OUT! THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO FIX UP THAT OLD AFFAIR; IT'S PAST ALL REPAIR. SALTRETTRE AND ELECTRICITY WON'T BRING IT TO LIFE AGAIN."



ANOTHER OF THE STRONG-MINDED. "TELL ME, DEAREST CHARLES, WILL YOU NOW VOTE FOR GREELEY? HE IS A NICE OLD MAN, AND VERY MUCH OF A WOMAN. TELL ME, DARLING, THAT YOU WILL VOTE FOR HIM."

THE New York *Tribune* is getting to be a capital Democratic paper. It has advanced so far that it can refer to "Ben Butler stealing spoons," thus appropriating the negro minstrels' and Brick Pomeroy's thunder. As Pomeroy refuses to support Greeley, we suppose the *Tribune* is trying to win over Brick's subscribers.

WHY is Horace Greeley like bran? Because he is the result of the bolt. This may be a trifle mealy, but it's good.

HORACE GREELEY says he has always been a Democrat. We guess that's so, for had it been otherwise the party could never have kept him on its stomach so long as it already has.

A GAMBLER said the other day: "Judging from the hands they hold, I think Greeley is going to win this Presidential game." Judging by the hands the two candidates write, we think Grant the best fitted for the office.

THE New York *Herald* calls the toting of Greeley around among the countrymen a great moral wax-figure show. Something similar, we should say, to the one that Artemus Ward used to exhibit.

AUGUST BELMONT don't care much for Horace Greeley. All he wants is the hundred and seventy-five millions of gold that Boutwell has got hoarded up as the yellow nest-egg of our magnificent credit.

IN case Greeley is elected and goes to Washington, it is doubtful if he will be able to get a Bout-well.

THE Liberals say they are fighting the old battle over again. That's what we shall all have to do if they are successful.

HORACE is actually trying to make a hero of himself. "Doff the lion's felt and hang a calf's skin on thy recreant limbs."



POLITICAL MEETINGS—THE EFFECT THEY HAVE ON PEOPLE.

Brown.—HELLO, JONES, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

Jones.—HIC! WHAT? OH, BEEN TER PERLITICAL MEETIN'. FAC' IS, BROWN, ~~THE~~ PARTY'S BOUN' TER WIN. (THAT SETTLES IT.)

VIC WOODHULL is in a bad fix. She is one of the Presidential candidates, and yet the poorest of them all: she can't even vote for herself. George Francis Train or Daniel Pratt can beat her one vote at least.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY has stripped for the fight. We should think that would produce a *peal* of laughter.

THEY have a Buchanan Club in Pennsylvania. Probably it is composed of some of those old Short-horned fellows who still vote for "Johnny Bu."

THE women are going back on Horace the worst way. Serves him right; he went back on them. If they could only vote, how they would *rise* the old man.



THAT MAKES IT RIGHT.

Uncle.—WHY, CHARLIE, YOU ARE DRUNK! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, SIR?

Charlie.—OH, I'VE BEEN TO A POLITICAL MEETING.

Uncle.—WHAT KIND OF A POLITICAL MEETING, SIR, THAT YOU SHOULD COME FROM IT IN SUCH A BEASTLY STATE OF INTOXICATION?

Charlie.—WHY, TO A GREELEY MEETING TO BE SURE.

Uncle.—OH, WELL, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, THEN.

WHEN a man is very hungry he will swallow almost anything without stopping to ask whether it is fish, flesh, or good smoked herring. That must be the case with the Democrats when they bolt down Horace without oil or vinegar. It isn't "anything to beat Grant" so much as it is "anything to beat back into port again" with them. Well, as a party, it always did have a strong stomach.

It is now believed that the reason Greeley didn't offend the Democracy when he called them horse-thieves, blacklegs, pugilists, etc., is because he told the truth—at least the Democratic papers now supporting him say he is "a truthful man."

"A SHENTLEMAN dot is very elastic mit his prains," is the way a brother Teuton describes Schurz.



Johnson.—WELL, HOW IS THIS, BOBSTAY?

Bobstay.—I TELLS YER HOW IT IS, JOHNSON. I WAS ON THE COMMITTEE OF REFRESHMENTS, AND THERE WASN'T MANY COME. SO I JUS' WENT FOR TER SAVE THAT LICKER FROM BEING SPOILED—THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH OUR HANNAH. CARRY THE NEWS TO HIRAM!



A WEE FEMALE POLITICIAN.

Little Fanny.—NOW, PAPA, IF YOU'LL ONLY VOTE FOR GREELEY, I'LL VOTE FOR YOUR CANDIDATE WHEN I GET BIG ENOUGH. HORACE KISSES BABIES, AND I LIKE HIM FOR IT.

H. G., the other day, was curiously examining two fine pictures, which hung side by side on the wall of the reception-room of a Portland hotel.

"Whose portraits are those?" squeaked the philosopher, addressing one of his keepers.

"Them—them—really, your excellency, I don't know. We must have yours beside that larger one—I think it's Webster."

"Yes, yes, if you wish; but find out whose the other one is."

Committeeman rushed about; returned with a large framed lithograph of the philosopher, and hung it up beside the Webster.

Presently a Grantite came along.

"There, isn't that appropriate? Webster in the centre, Mr. Greeley on the right, and who—who is the other one?"

"Benedict Arnold," said the Grantite. The committeeman suddenly remembered the story of Mount Calvary, and closed up.

A GEORGIA man has invented a little machine, which, by the simple turn of a crank, can be made to multiply, divide, add, and subtract the square root. It multiplied correctly 9876 by 3456 in two minutes. He wants to sell it to the leaders of the Dem.-Liberal party to add up their majorities; but they refuse to buy, believing that they would not have an opportunity to turn the crank once in two decades; and as for subtracting and dividing, they say, if they

ever get into office they will show how deftly that can be done without a machine. And we believe them!

GRANT, the gift-taker, says the reason the Sorehead Repubs have deserted him is that he refused the only two presents they had to offer him—Greeley and Schurz. He couldn't accept such useless lumber and besides, he had already a sufficiency of banking stock on hand.



STRONG-MINDED AND DESPERATE!

Indignant "Liberal" Wife.—HOW DARE YOU, SIR, TO WAVE YOUR HANDKERCHIEF TO A GREELEY PROCESSION? IF I EVER CATCH YOU AT SUCH A THING AGAIN, I WILL PULL EVERY HAIR OUT OF YOUR SENSELESS HEAD.



ANOTHER STRONG-MINDED ONE.

Wife.—Now, sir, where have you been until this late hour?

Husband.—Why, my dear, I—I—DON'T BE ANGRY, I HAVE BEEN TO A POLITICAL MEETING.

Wife.—What kind of a political meeting, sir?

Husband.—To a WOODHULL AND DOUGLASS MEETING.

Wife.—It is lucky that you have been in good company; for if I ever catch you going to any of those vile Grant or Greeley meetings, I will pull your nose out of joint, and keep you on bread and water for a month.

A "LIBERAL" organ facetiously asks: "Will Grant withdraw? The heavens above him are so dark and beclouded, that not a ray of light illumines them." The heavens are bright and clondless compared to what they were when Grant was fighting the Democratic party in "The Wilderness"—and he didn't think of withdrawing then. You know Greeley says "he has never been beaten, and never will be?"



GOING FOR GREELEY.

THIS IS MR. ABSALOM SMUDGE. HE HAS BEEN SENT BY THE GREELEY COMMITTEE TO SHAKE UP THE DRY BONES OF RUFFIANHAM. FINDING ONLY ONE INHABITANT IN THE TOWN, HE PROCEEDS TO REPEAT HIS SPEECH TO HIM AND WARN HIM AGAINST VOTING FOR GRANT, THE MILITARY DESPOT, BUT TO VOTE FOR HORACE AS OFTEN AS HE CAN.

Boy.—SAY, WHAT KIND OF BAIT DOES HE FISH WID?

BEN. BUTLER says the cause of his opposing Greeley's election is that it won't do to have two natural curiosities in Washington at the same time. It's as much as the government can stand now to have Ben there. He isn't going to revive the old scandal by robbing the editorial fraternity of New York of the biggest Spoon in it. Not much.

A NEW Swedish paper, just started in Minnesota, distinctly says: "Vidare sager han pa tal om Grant-Wilson ska nomination. Sadanna ord gora sqatlanga artiklar ofverflodigal." Just as we expected! This is a complete refutation of the charges of nepotism and things brought against Grant by his enemies, who deserve to be called "ofverflodigals" and other hard names.



THE DIFFERENCE.

Grant Ebony.—Go 'way, common nigger, I belongs to de quality. Pugh! you smells.

Greeley Ebony.—Well, don't you smell? Wouldn't gib much for you if yer couldn't. Go 'long; money makes de mar go, but honesty goes for horack. Want any whitewashing done for your party?



BLOODY DANGER OF THE COUNTRY.

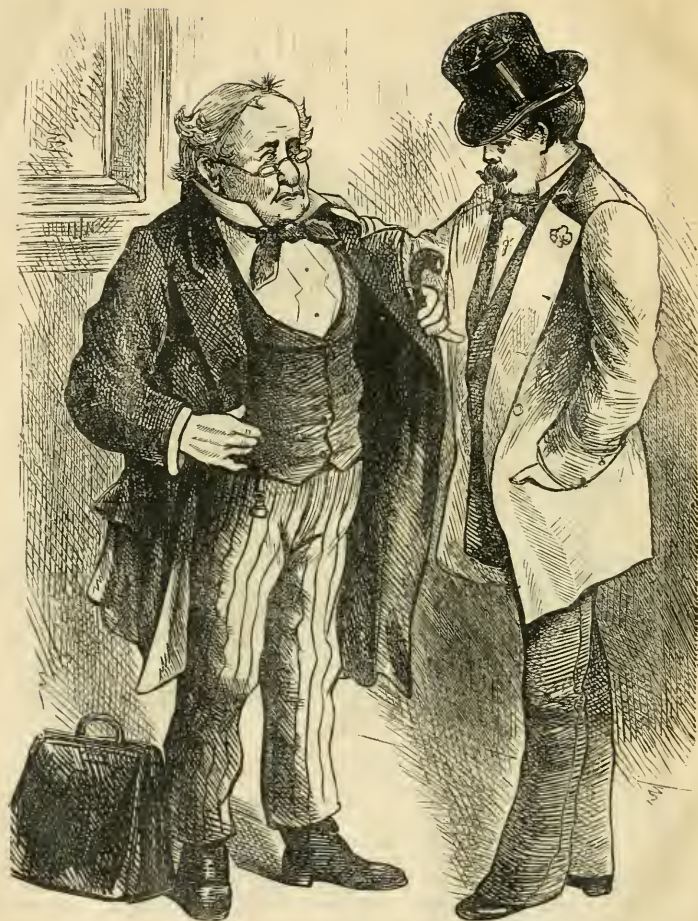
Mrs. Rafferty.—BAD LUCK TER THAT BLOODY HATHEN, HE'S SPILIN MY BUSINESS WID HIS DAM CHAPE CRAME.

Mr. Fogerty.—MRS. RAFFERTY, THAT BLOODY CHINAMAN'S A GRANT MAN. WE MUST PUT THEM DOWN, OR THE COUNTRY WILL GO TO THER DIVIL WID THIS BLOODY CHAPE LABOR. BE SURE AN VOTE FOR GREELEY, AN IF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY ONCE GETS IN POWER, MRS. RAFFERTY, WE'LL HAVE GOOD TIMES, AN NO 'BLOODY HATHENS SHALL INTERFERE WID YER BUSINESS.

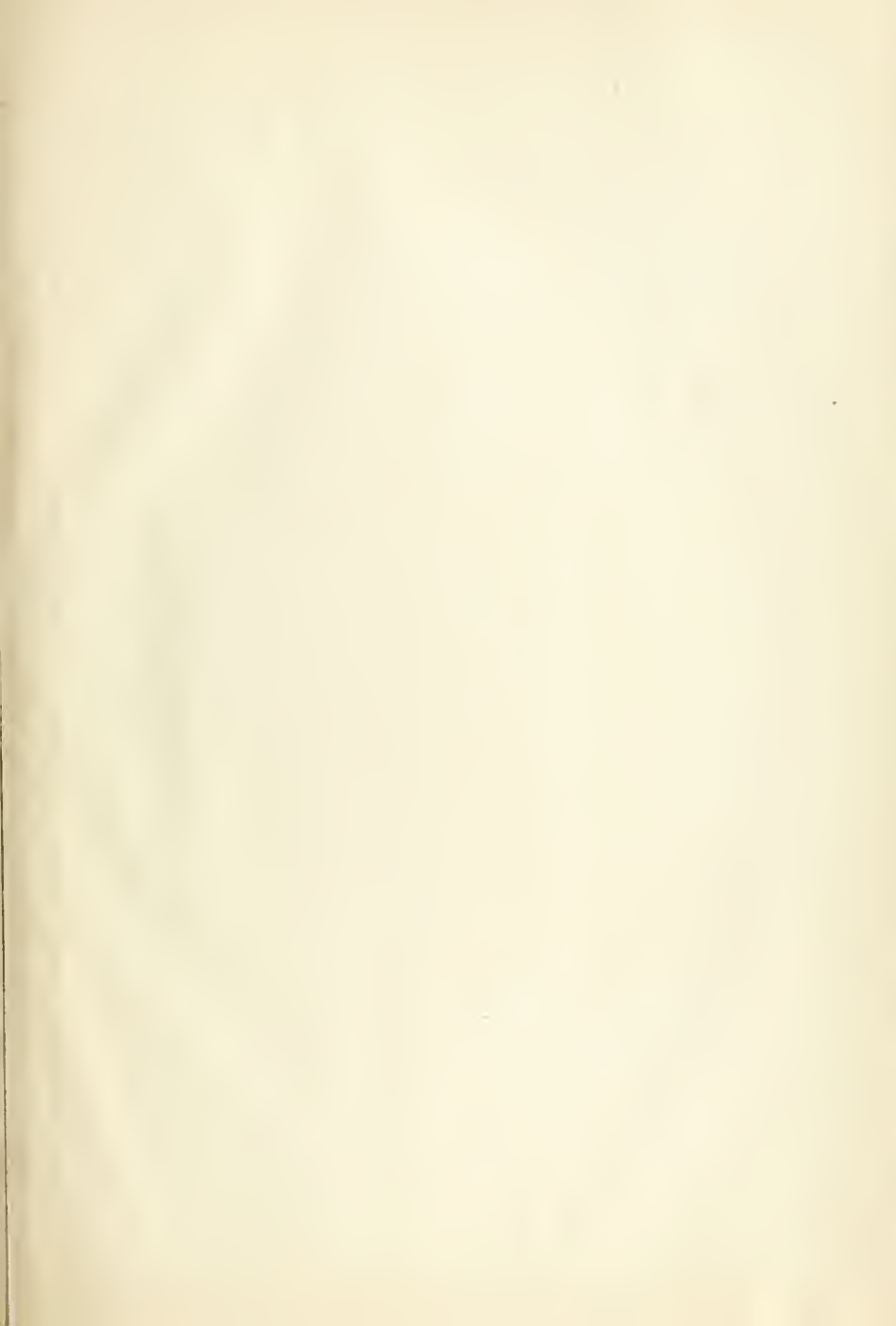
THE N. Y. *Sun* is talking about Grant "bowing the knee to Baal."

It is the first intimation we have had that Grant ever had any idea of worshipping Dana. •

GEN. McCLELLAN goes for Greeley. It be goes for him in the same manner he went for the rebels, it isn't likely he will ever get within sight of the chopper-quack of Chappaqua.



To the Reader.—IN ORDER TO GET AT THE POINT OF THE JOKE EMBODIED IN THIS ILLUSTRATION, YOU MUST READ THE CONTENTS OF THIS BOOK. A PRIZE PACKAGE IS AWARDED TO THOSE WHO SEE THE POINT AND DEMONSTRATE IT TO THE RETAILER OF THIS PUBLICATION. IT IS WORTH GOING FOR. BE WISE IN TIME. THE DIAMOND FIELDS OF ARIZONA ARE NOTHING WHEN COMPARED TO WHAT IS IN STORE IN THIS PARTICULAR INSTANCE







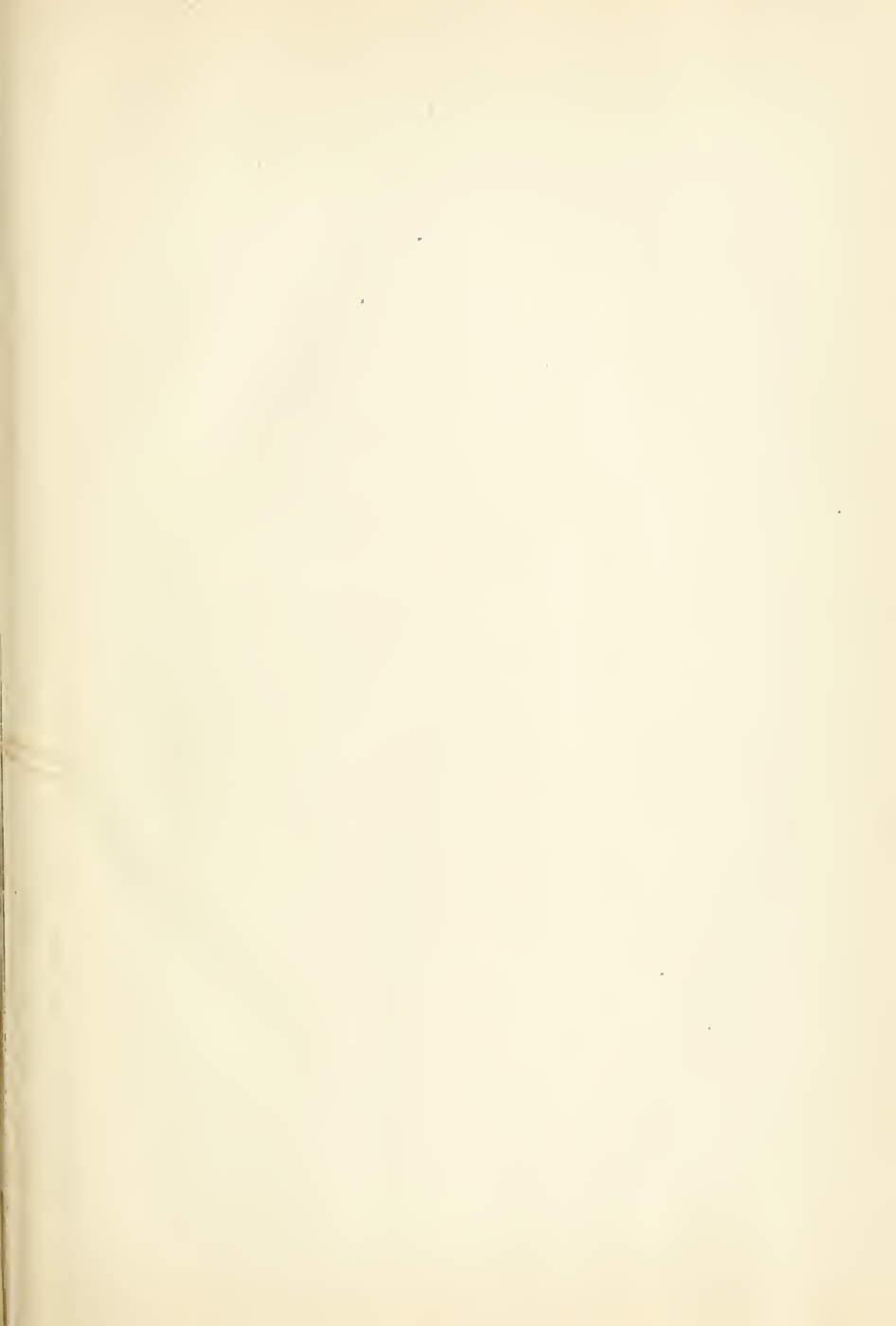




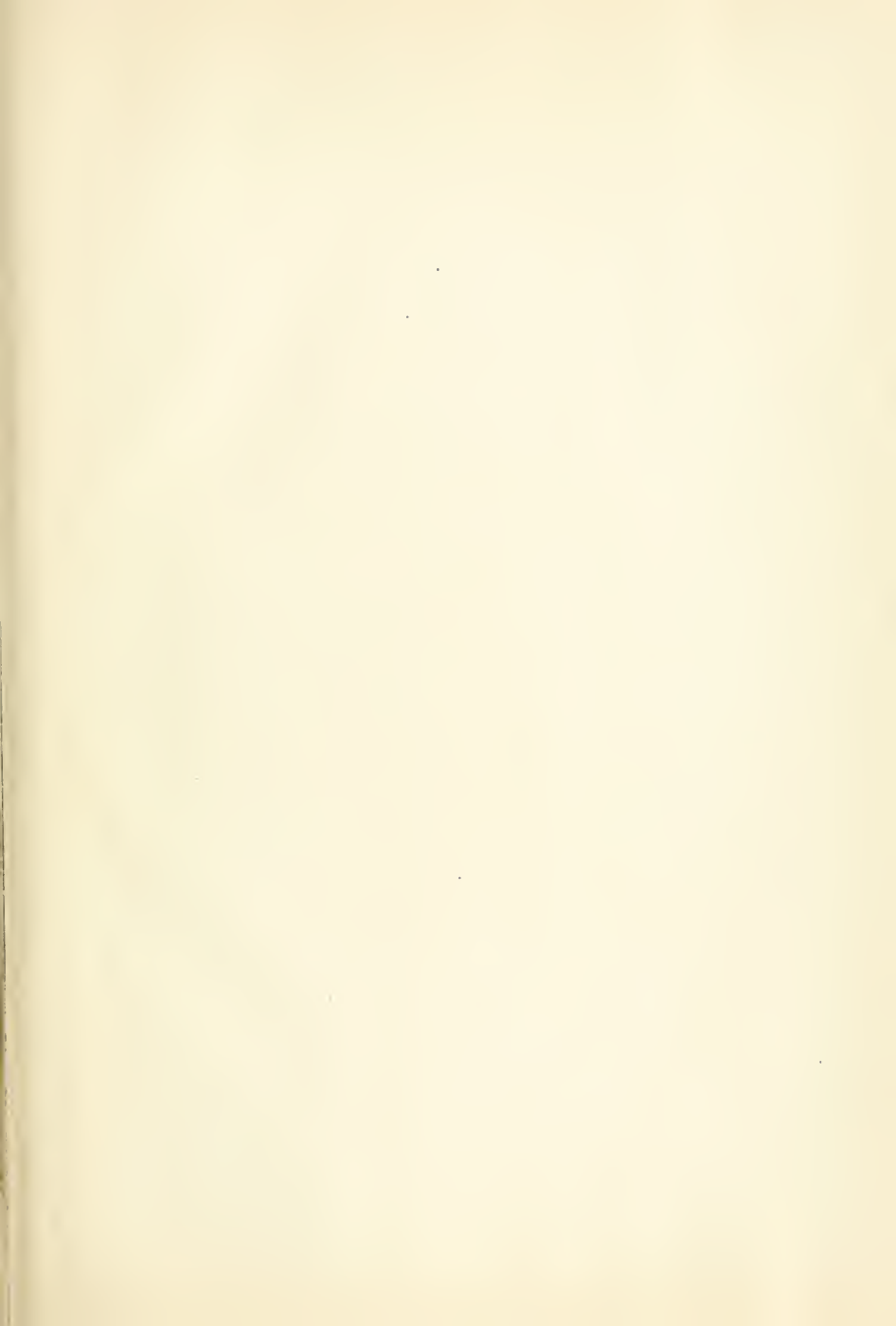




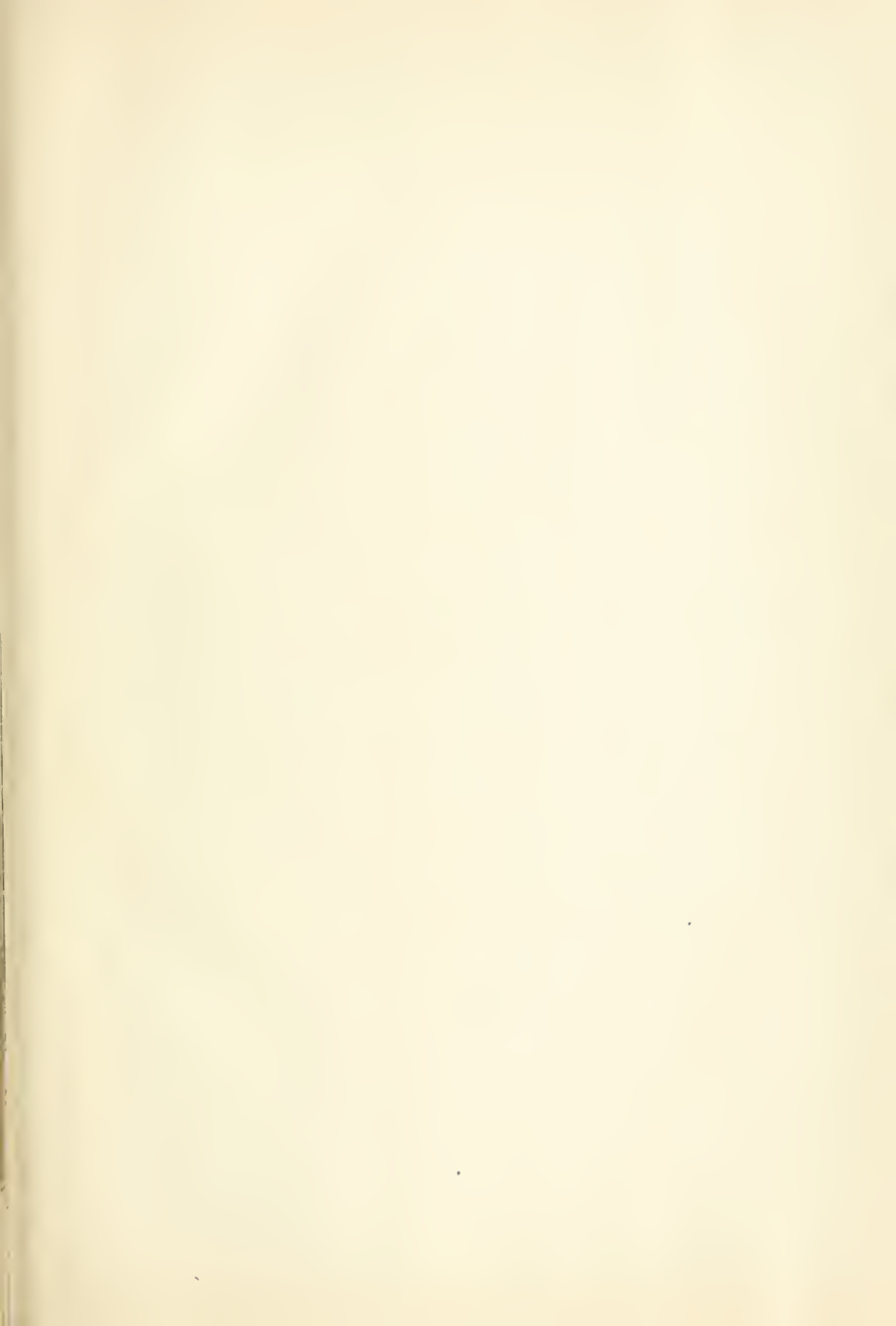


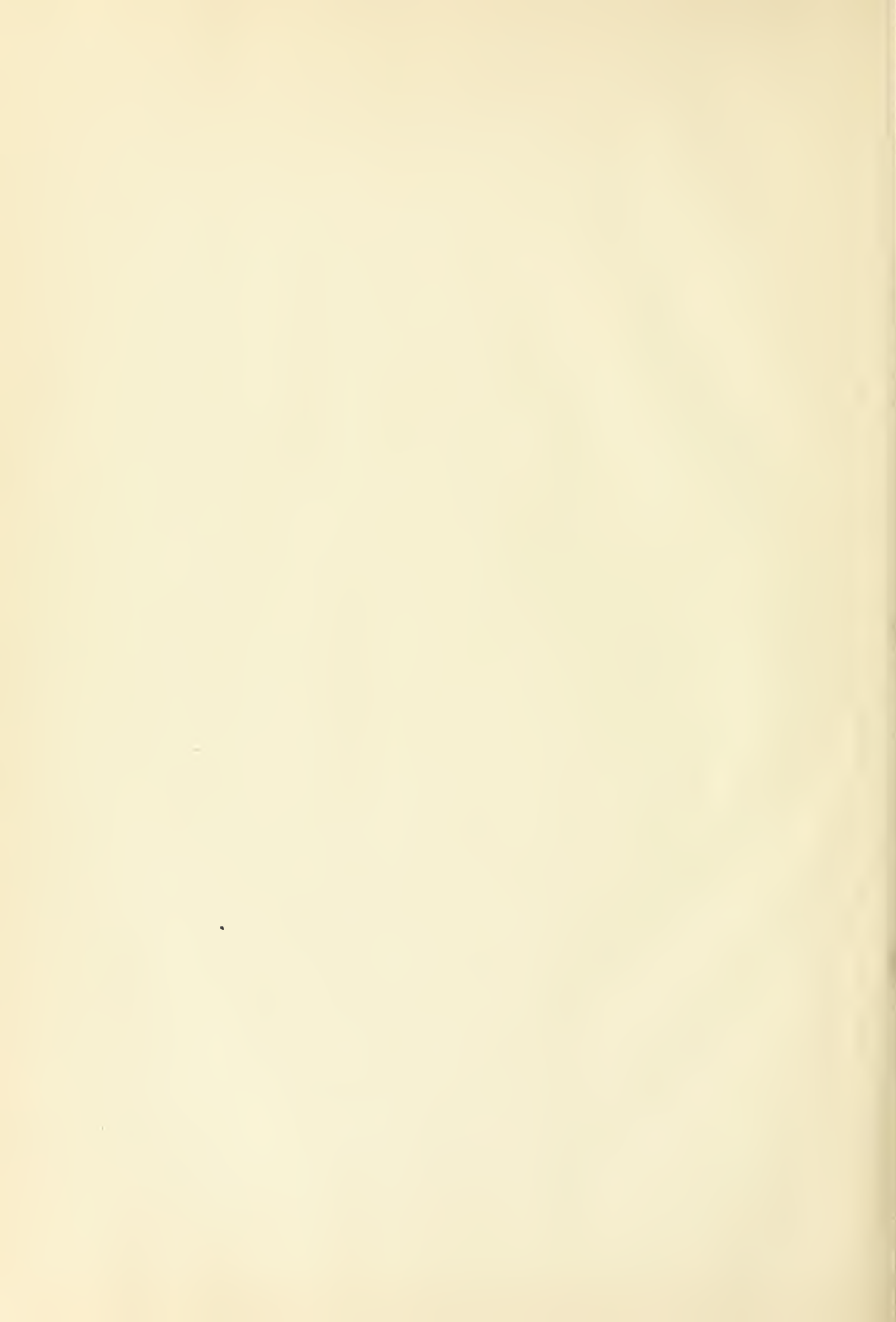




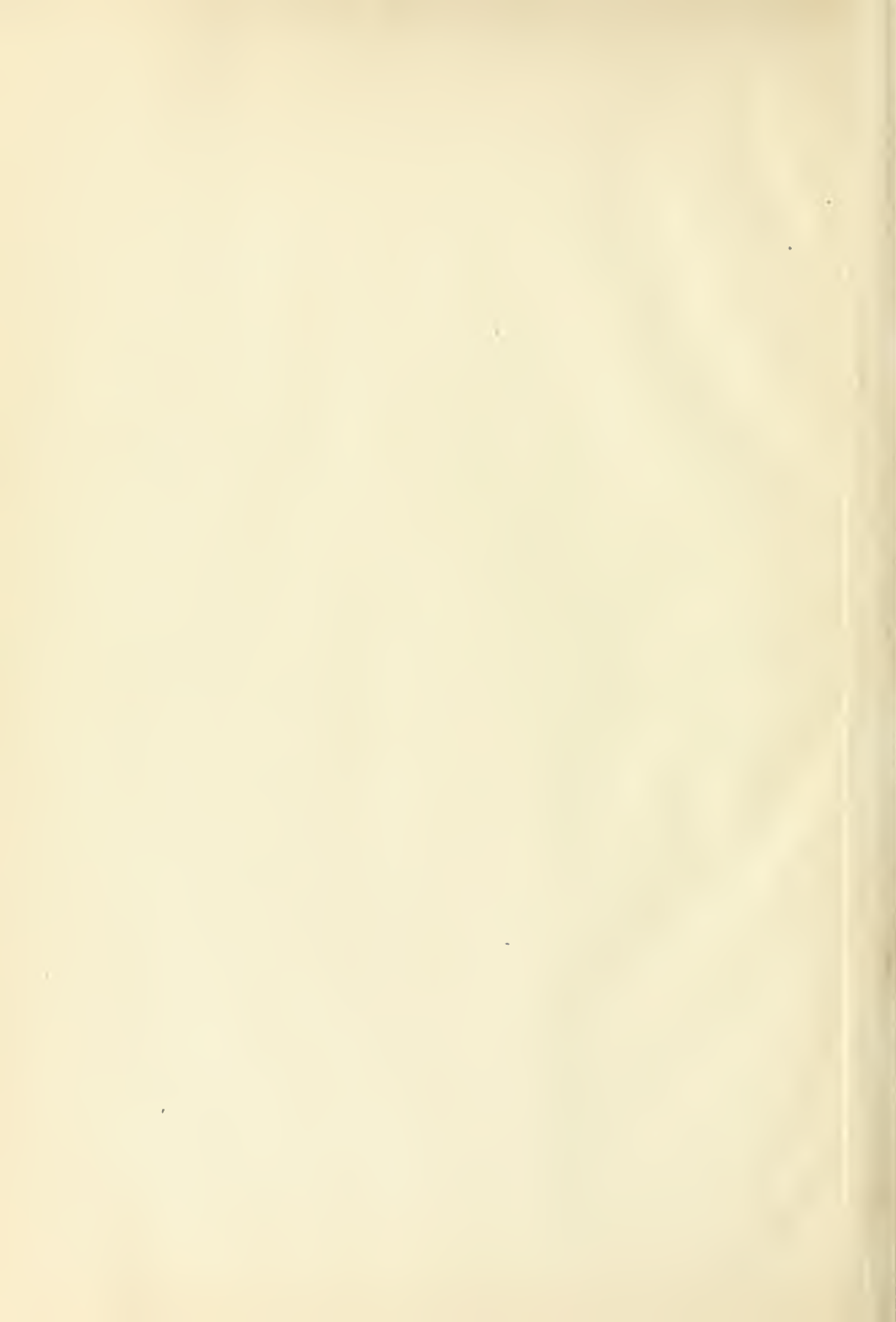




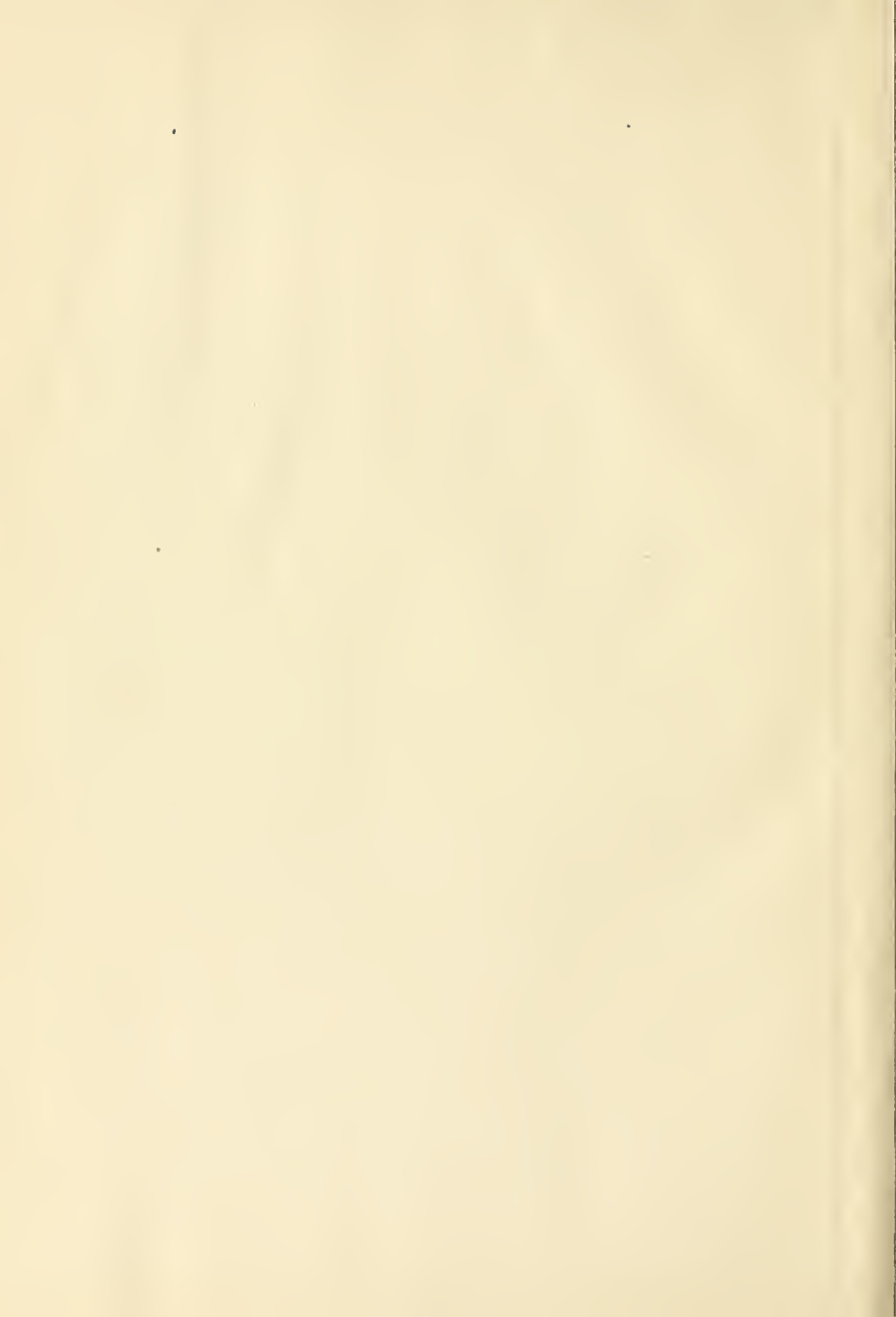


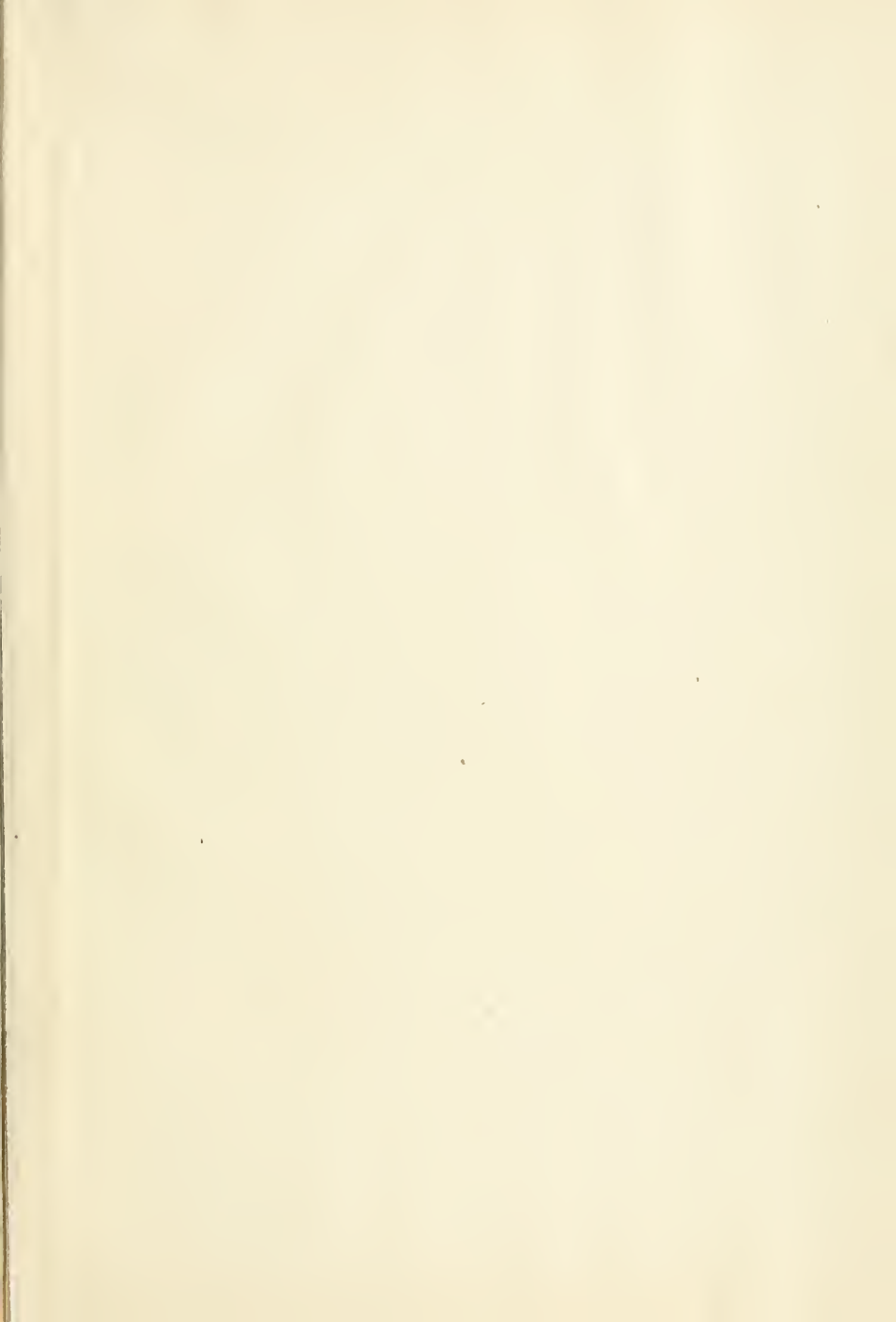


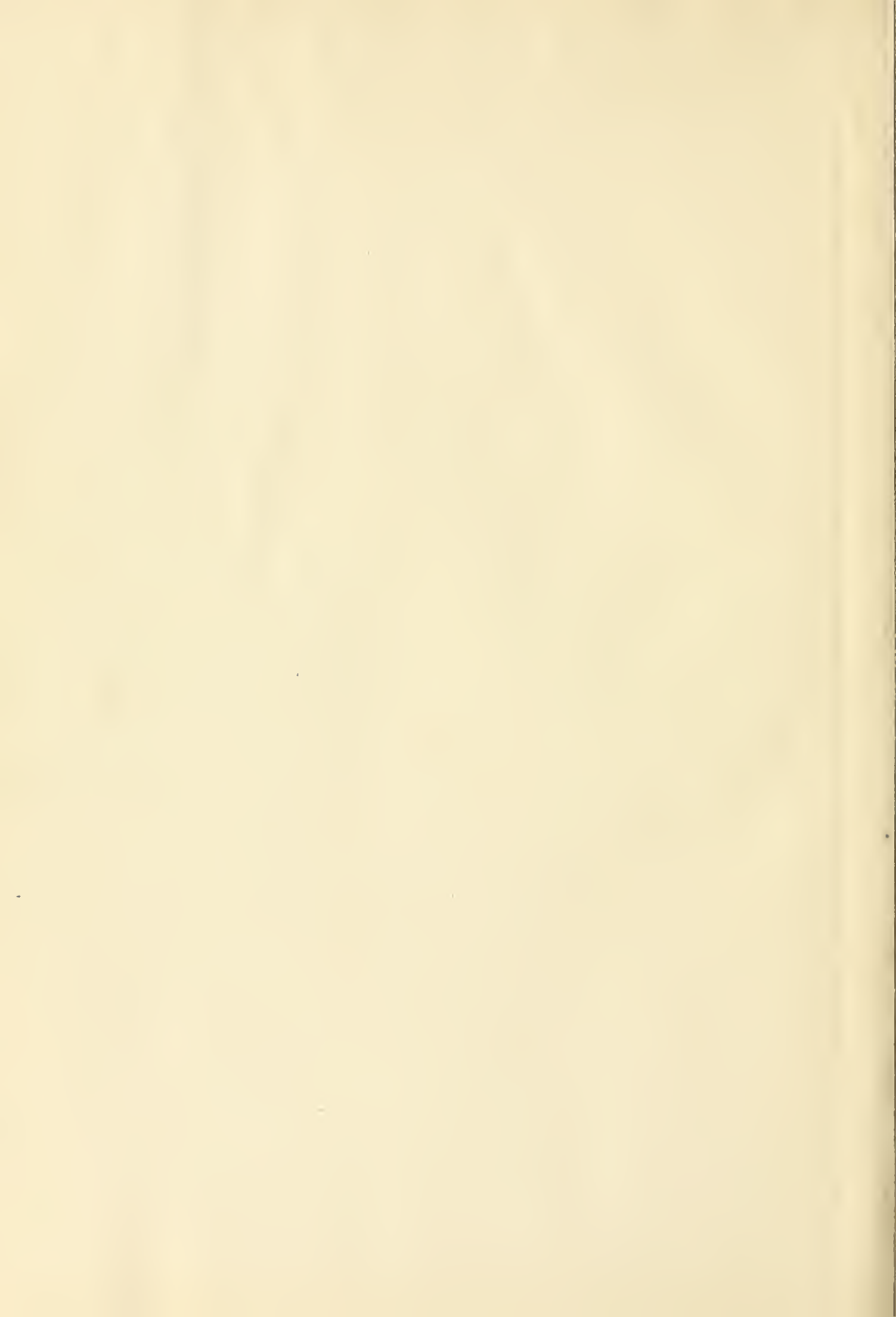






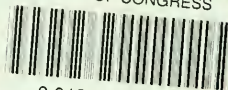








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